AN INVECTIVE AYENSTE the great and detestable vice, treason, wherein the secrete practises, and traiterous workinges of theym, that suffrid of late are disclosed.

made by Rycharde Morisyne.

DOVBTE NOT gentyl reders, but that if ye haue ben conuersant in olde histories, & so perceyued bothe howe many moo princis haue bene endaungered by treason of theyr familyar seruauntes, than by open warre of theyr enemyes, and also sene, what ende they come to, that venture vpon so daungerouse an enterpryse, ye woll thynke my labour not euylle employed, whiche tendeth hole to this ende, that all subiectes ones being brought into hatrede of treason, maye at the laste fall in loue with their duetie, and seke truly to serue, where god hath appoynted theym so to doo. For as the incommodyties, that

treason bryngeth into a common welthe, be excedynge many, and are ofte tymes the vtter vndoinge of ryche and welthye realmes, so, that kyngdome muste nedes prosper and flourische, where all men strynue, who may beste do his duetie, best serue his countrey in that god and his soueraygne lorde hath callyd hym vnto. We haue hadde ofte experience, howe euylle they spede, what infamye commeth to them, what ende they make, whiche at any tyme attempte treasone against their soueraigne lord and kynge. These, whiche of late, lost their honour, landes, and lyues, are not the fyrste, that haue bene moued with to many benefites, to become traytours, no nor yet the fyrst that came to shameful death, for so fowle an enterpryse. They

haue

haue companions, which though they be not able to goo cheeke by cheeke with theym, yet they come not farre behynde.

¶ Perennius, a man that had receiued wonderful many benefites of Cõmodus themperour, where as he sawe but oone aboue hym, thynkyng that he myght by treason, bryng hym downe, and sette vp hym selfe, trayterously conspired the deathe of Commodus his lorde and maker.

¶ Plautianus an nother, of all men moste bounde to Seuerus the emperour, soughte also to distroye hym, not that euer he hadde receyued any iniurye or displesure at his handes, but that the blynd desyre he hadde to the Empyre, wrought mothe more in him than coulde al themperours benefites.

Seianus, as moche bounde, as any of thother two, euen vpon lyke cause thought to haue slayne Tiberius the emperour, his lorde and mayster. But they came euen to suche ende, as dydde the Marques, the lorde Montacute, and suche other, as by theyr exaumple teache all men, that be not yet weery of their lyues and honestie, to be ware of treasone. Certaynelye who so wayeth, how hard a thing it is, to enter with anye manne in treason, howe full of ieoperdies, howe fewe there be, that a manne maye truste, howe soone menne maye be deceyued, takynge some to beare them moch greatter loue, than they do, howe no experience can so vtter one man his harte to an nother, that in suche a case, he maye leaue lyfe in his hande, he woll,

wolle, I ſuppoſe moche wonder to ſee any manne, though the fyne for it, were but the loſſe of goodes, ſo madde to venture vppon treaſon. Many chaunces make treaſon, whan it is kepte moſte ſecrete, to appere. An harte, that ſtylle keleth the ſtyng of treaſon muſte nedes at one tyme or an other make the tonge and countenance parttakers of his greſe.

¶ Lucilla, ſyſter to Commodus the Emperoure, hadde appoynted one Quintianus, to ſlee her brother. This traytour waited for the Emperour at the entrynge into the Amphitheatre, and whanne he ſawe Comodus almooſte come to the place, where he intended to haue ſlayne hym, his hande, his tongue, his geſture, his counteynaunce, coulde ſuffre his harte to

be no lengar hyd. No, he hauynge his dagger redy naked, cryed out, before the Emperour camme vnder the strooke, This the Senate sendeth the. Vppon whiche wordes he was taken, and Commodus nothynge hurt.

¶ Lykewyse, Marcus Antonius of Volterra, was set to kyll Laurence Medices, and had so done, but that he cried before, o traitour, which voyce saued Laurence, and disclosed as many as were of that conspiracie.

¶ The same morynge, that Brutus, and the reste of his felowes, hadde determyned to slee Julius Cesar, it so chaunced, that Cesar communed a greatte space with Gneius Popilius, oone of those that had conspired his deth.

Brutus

Brutus and many mo of his compayons were by, and were caste into suche a feare, that they wyste neyther what to doo, ne what to thynke. They all were afrayde, lest Popilius had vttered the treasone vnto Cesar, and wolde euen there haue set vppon hym, sauyng that they perceiued Cesar his countenaunce nothynge moued, ne his colour any thinge altered. And yet if Cesar had redde the letter, that was delyuered hym, not halfe an howre before his deathe, he hadde knowen his enemies counsel, and myght haue broughte them all to theyr confusion.

¶ The daye before, that Sceuinus thoughte to haue slayne Nero, he put an olde rustye daggar, that hadde layne longe by

hym, to gryndynge. He made his testamente, he made all his bonde men free, he gaue euery one of thē a certayne somme of moneye, he caused rollers to be made, to wrap woūdes in, by which tokens Milichius his seruaunt, gathered, he went aboute some naughty pourpose, and so accused hym vnto the emperoure. Sceuinus streyghte confessed, that his intente was to haue slayne Nero.

¶ This I bynge in, not so moch to shewe that treason wollout, as to make men see, howe god plucketh wyt and prudencye from malycious traytours. He hath done so, where treason was intended ayenst Nero, one of the worst princes that euer the worlde had, and trowe traytours, he wolle suffre

Henry

Henry the eyght, his chosen kyng, a prynce that chiefelye aboue all thynges, hath soughte and seketh to sette forthe his glory, to restore his holy worde, to put downe hypocrisie, to banische idolatrie, & finally to bringe this ones to passe, that al his people, may be as they are called, that is true christians: Rede this lyttel inuectiue, that followeth, I truste by thynges past, ye shall perceyue it verye vnlyke, that any traytour hereafter maye or can hurte his highnesse. Ye shal see who is his gracis protectour, from what dangers, he hath preserued hym, and therby gather an assured affiaunce, that traytours can but worke their owne confusion, whan so euer they seke to do his highnes any displeasure. God hither-

hitherto hath wonderfully troden
downe his graces enemyes, styll
shewynge hym selfe to be of
his syde, if he be so stylle,
as our trust is, he wol
be euer, be tray=
tour who woll,
he knoweth
his ende.

LL BE IT I ac-
knowlege my selfe
neyther so able as
I am wyllynge,
neyther soo meete
as I am redy, to
wryte in suche a matter, as I now
haue taken vppon me, yet tru-
stynge where my wylle is to doo
welle, that thoughe I faylle of
thanke, I shall not myssе of par-
don, I can not but admonyshe all
my countrey men, in so plentifull
an occasion, that as the benefites
of god be great, straunge, and al-
moste euery day caste vpon vs, or
ere we can loke for theym, euen so
we woll with thankfull hart shew
our selues, to se and fele his godly
goodnes. And where as suche his
fatherly loue is moche aboue oure
desertes, that yet we agnise it, and

as moche as in vs lieth, endeuour our selues aboundantly to thanke hym for it. God is neuer werye of doinge good to man, but whan either he woll nat see it, or els seynge it, refusethe to thanke hym accordyngely. Can he aske lesse for soo many his benefyttes, than a fewe bareyn thankes, whiche doo pleasure oonely to hym for this cause, that he therby is made redy, & moche prouoked, to lade vs with som newe kyndnesse, with some newe benefittes, with somme newe his gyftes. He ofte layeth sooze to his chosen and elect people forgetfulnes of his benefites toward them, commaundyng in sondrye places, Moses, Josue, Esaias, Hieremias, Ezechiell, with the reste of the prophetes, to reherse his goodnes shewed to them, and their vnkind

nesse

nes vttered vnto hym, thynkynge as I take it, that nothynge coulde sooner brynge theym to loue hym, than thofte remembraunce of his benefittes, nothynge moze allure them to repentaunce and chaunge of lyfe, than the iuste repzoche of their vnthankefull harte in fuche a thzonge of his giftes. I purpofe nat to ftande longe in olde places of fcripture, and yet I canne nat without fome hurte of my matter let all examples alone. Wherfoze I wyl vfe a few in place of many. Moſes callyd all Iſraell to hym, and fayde in this wyfe to them: Ye haue fene, what God dydde vnto Pharao foz youre fake: what he dyd to Pharao his hooſte, and all the reſte of his ſeruantes, ye haue fene many myzacles, many ſtrãge wõders, and yet god hath not gy-

Deut. 29.

uen you harres to feele his goodnes; eyes to see his tender loue ouer you, ne eares to here of any of bothe. I haue led you forty yeres in the wyldernesse, and yet youre clothes are not worne: Ye hadde neither breade ne drynke, and yet to thintente ye shoulde remember god, to be your lorde, in lackynge bothe, you were peyned neyther with hunger ne thyrste. Sehon, kynge of Hesbon, and Og kynge of Basan, came with mightye power agaynste you. They are slain, and you the lordes of their landes and possessions. &c.

God also dothe expostulate with the people of Israell by his messanger Hieremias sayinge: what vnfaithfulnesse founde your forefathers in me, that they departing from my lawes and loue, folowe

Hiere. 2.

lyght-

lightnes & vanite: They haue not ones sithēs their departure thought in their hartes, where haue we left the lorde: the lorde that brought vs out of the lande of Aegypt, the lorde that ledde vs throughe the wylderness, through the deserte, a sough, drie, and deadely lande, a lande that no man had passed before, and where no manne hadde dwelt. I brought you into a land, passynge full of pleasure, adourned with gay and gorgious buyldynges, you enioyenge the fruites and commodities thereof, wente and defyled my land, and brought myne heritage to abhomination. The prestes them selfes (they were euen than, as manye of oures be nowe) sayd not ones, where is the lord. The shepardes offēd against me, the prophetes do seruyce vnto

Baall, and folowe suche thynges as can do them no seruice. Esaias in many places doth also commende vnto god his benefites towarde the chyldern of Israell. God doth shewe hym selfe very gladde, and wonderfulle desyrous, to employe his benefites vpon them that seke to gyue him thankes for so doing: and can scarse be brought to leaue suche as he hath ones taken to his fauour. For thoughe theyr synnes be great, and their offences many, yet as longe as he may beare with them, he stycketh not to forgiue, so they be not dangerous and coy of their thankes. Dauyd lacked noo sinnes, as al mē know that: traueil in scripture, he lacked none: & yet he had euer one ẏ forgaue hym al. And not only forgaue him all, but styl laded him with new benefitis.

Da-

Dauid forgetteth not this syngu-
lar goodnes of god towarde hym,
he sufferethe not Goddis loue, to
make any ende with hym, he stylle
increaseth his fauour, not so moch
by any merites, as by praisyng the
vndeserued loue of god. Loue nat
solde vnto him for workes, but gi-
uen hym, that he thereby myghte
worke. His psalmes well testifye,
that he dothe acknowledge, what
god dyd for hym. He syngeth ofte
thãkful dities vnto god, as amõg
many other, thus in the seconde of
the kynges, The Lord is my rock, Cap. 22.
my castelle, my delyuerer. God is
my strength, and in hym wolle I
trust: God is my shild, my fortres,
my refuge. O my keper, kepe thou
me frome wronge, I wyll prayse
the, & call vpon the O lorde, and so
shal I be kept from myn enmyes.

Who so lysteth to reade al that followeth, may whan he wyl, I haue shewed hym the chapiter. I muste nowe folowe presente occasion, and talke a whyle with my countreye. ¶ Englande, haste thou no cause to folow Dauid, to make himnes and dities of thankes vnto god? Whan wolt thou perceyue goddis loue towarde the, if thou yet perceyue it not? Whan wolte thou gyue hym, or to vse a more apter terme, whan wolte thou pay hym thankes, if thou nowe denye thy selfe endetted to hym? Thou muste confesse dette, thou canste nat denye it, without thy greatte shame. There be to manye wytnesses for thy nay, to take any place: Al nations wonder at thy felycitie. All men knowe what ieoperdies thou haste escaped, howe nygh sorowes

bzinke thou haſt ben bzought, and ſtraight howe ſoone thou haſt ben made gladde: I wylle not calle to remembzaunce thynges paſte many yeres ſyns, marke but the pzocedynges of god with the and thin thele foure oz fyue yeres. Waye well the accidentes, the chaunces, the pzogreſſe, and thende of thynges that haue foztuned, and than Englande ſee, whether thou haue not mo cauſes to thynke, that god tendereth the helthe, welthe, and honoute of thy Gouernoure, and oure dere and dzedde ſoueraygne lozde: than euer Iſraell hadde to thynke ſo by kinge Dauid, oz any other. He muſte be wel ſene in feates of armes, that ſhall fynde a place open, to wound hym, whom god is buckeler vnto. God wolle not ſuffer his pourpoſes, to be al-

tered. Man maye seke to distroye that god wolle haue saued, but he shall doo as moche, as they that seke to make stronge rockes falle, with a knocke of theyr heedes. For as these labour foolyshely, and do but breake theyr owne braynes, so do they that thynke to pull downe a prynce, whome god hath chosen to reygne ouer his people, bothe declare theyr folye, and also the goodnesse of god, in preseruynge whome he loueth. There is none, that trewely serueth god, that can saye, he hath bene in distresse and not founde succour at his hande, and yet compare theym all with our mooste fortunate prynce, they haue all founde him no moze pro-pence and redy to helpe them: than he hath ben to helpe his hyghnes.

3. Re. 19. God lefte not his seruaunt Elias

fleinge

fleinge the wzothe and dyſpleaſure of Jezabell, no he being with out hope of lyfe, and moche deſyrynge to dye, he ſent hym an aungell to comfozte hym, and foode to refreſhe hym ſelfe withal, not contente with that, but ſpake to hym, hym ſelfe, as ye may rede, if ye deſyre to knowe, what god ſayde to hym. Danyelle was caſte in to a denne of lyons, God ſent his angelle to ſtoppe the lyons mouthe, and ſo Daniell was hurte in noo parte of his bodye. God ſente his aungell to good Gedeon, whanne the Madianites had almoſt ouerthzowen the chyldrene of Iſraell. He talketh longe with Gedeon, abydynge his ſacrifice with many his tentations. Rede the place, ye ſhall perceyue, howe god louethe, where he lyketh. Joſue alſo ſawe a man

Daniel, 6.

Iudicū. 6.

Ioſue. 5.

a man standyng anenst hym, with a swerd redy drawen in his hande, vnto whom he went and sayd, Art thou our freud, or doste thou take the parte of our aduersaries? Answere was made, I am the chiefe of the lordes bande. Iudith also had an aungell to her companyon and guyde, whan she went to slee Holofernes. I coulde bryng in many mo exaumples, if my pourpose were to enlarge my matter that waye. As howe god sente his aungell to conducte the hoost of the Israelites, whan they passed the sees, and also howe he sent his angell into the fornace, where the thre chylderne lay in fyre, and felte no heate. I coulde shewe in what battailes god hath made his aungels sowldiours, but that is nat myne intente. I must make com-

Iudith.13.

pari-

parisons, and yet I truste they shal not be odious. Rede all scripture, and ye shall fynde no person, that god preserued more tenderly, than he dyd his chosen and electe kynge Dauid. For he beinge as yet no kynge, but rather a poore subiecte of a myghty kynge, was in many places persecuted of him and his host, and yet the goodnes of god was suche towarde hym, that he escaped all the snares that longe set malice had layd for him. A puissant prince desyred a poore mannes deathe, it wolde not be. Myghty Saule myst of his purpose ageinst sely Dauid, & coulde not hurt his lyttell fynger. Some percase woll thynke, here to take holde of me, and say, if god could preserue a subiect ageinst a prince it is no meruayle, if he preserue a

prince

pryncе ayenſt a fewe his vnnatu-
rall ſubiectes, a realme ayenſte a
fewe traytours. I muſte ſaye as
they do, it is no greate meruayle,
that god ſo dothe, and yet I ſaye,
as I ſayde fyrſte, our ſoueraygne
lorde kynge Henry the eight, hath
mothe mooze cauſe to gyue God
thankes, than euer had kyng Da-
uid, or Dauid not yet a kyng. For
as he knewe, that kynge Saule
ſoughte his diſtruction, and ther-
by myght do what laye in hym, to
eſcape his hande, and alſo by ofte
interceſſion, obteyn helpe and ſuc-
cour of god, ſo the kynges high-
nes of late ſtode in caſe farre vn-
lyke, and in mothe moze preſente
daunger than he dyd. His hygh-
nes was in great peryll, and ney-
ther ſawe it, ne coulde myſtruſt a-
ny ſuche thynge. For if nature, if

bloude,

bloude, if moſte ample benefytes, coulde haue wrought in ſome, as they do in all naturall and honeſte hartes, whome myght his grace haue taken for his more truſty ſeruantes, for his trewer ſubiectes, than Henry Courteney, late Marques of Exetter, thã Henry Pole, late lorde Montacute, than Edwarde Neuylle, late of his gracis priuye chaumber: I wylle talke with the reſte, whan I ſhall come to the place, whiche I reſerue for them. What ſubiectes were more bounde to theyr ſoueraygne lorde: I ſay moche more, what men were more endetted to man, than were all theſe thre to his highnes: who in more daunger than his grace, whyche neyther coulde myſtruſte them, ne yet without his great peryll truſte them: God promyſyng

ayde

ayde to them that call vpon hym, seldome suffereth innocentes, as Job sayth, to perysshe. Wherfore Dauid, hauynge cause to call for helpe, and God by his promyse bounde to succour him, coulde not but fynde god good to hym. But our moste fortunate kynge, was in moste daunger, and in no feare ne suspition of leste. Howe coulde his grace suspecte them, whom of all men he knewe, hadde greattest causes to loue hym, to desyre his hyghnesse prosperytie and longe reygne? His grace dydde not vse them as men, whome he mystrusted, no he vsed more familyarnes with fewe of his subiectes, than he dydde with the Marques, and syr Edwarde Neuylle. Wherfore as his grace coulde not axe helpe ayenste them, whom he toke to be

the

the rediest of all menne to spende theyr bloud, yf nede shuld require them so to do: Euen so, god sienge what was in hande, thoughte it hyghe tyme suche ranke and rype traytours to be reped vp. He saw, the lesse his hyghnesse mystrusted, the moze peryll his gracis person stode in, the farder they were from suspition, the nygher they were to wozke myschef. Our lozd be thanked, they haue in one houre rydde this realme of manye daungers, taking theyr leaue of life, with suche shame, as it becometh al traytors to do: & as foz the most parte god be thanked, they are all wonte to do. If lawes were gone, oz of no strength at all, wolde not men onely moued by the heynousenesse of treason, thynke all deathes to fewe foz these abomynable tray=

tours, all tourmentes, all peyne, all vilany to lytell for them: I am ashamed, that euer it shulde come into writynge, that there haue ben among men, some, that receyuing so hyghe fauour, and so great benefyttes, soughte to make hym away, of whom they receiued them, more ashamed, that suche exaumples shoulde be founde amonge christian men, moste of all, that it happeneth so oft here in our countreye. The cyuile lawe, is moche to be commended, that the maister maye calle hym ayene to bondage & seruitude, whome he hath made free, yf at any tyme after his freedome, he shewe him selfe vnkynd. The Macedones and Atheniens also, had an action, a cõmune plee in the lawe, ayenste suche as were but in trifles blotted with vnkindnes,

nes, as ayenste men, that in dede are enmies to al them, which haue nede of other mennes helpe. One vnkynde persone, is oftentymes the cause, that men haue no wylle to do good, where they may feare the lyke. And yf it be trewe, that Gratitude, whiche is a perpetuall memorie of benefyttes receyued, and also a desyre to recompense them, be as a mother of many vertues. For as moche as there commeth frome her, loue and feare of god, loue and feare of our prynce, loue towarde our countreye, loue towarde our parentes, frendshyp betwene man and man, veneration of those that bringe vs vp, and do eyther nourysshe our bodies, or instructe oure myndes, we muste nedes gather it to be true, that Cicero wryteth to his frende Atti-

cus, Ingratis uitia ineſſe omnia, that is, All vyces to be in theym, that are vnkynde. This vyce is moch better named in oure tongue, than it is, as me thynketh in any other. Unkyndenesse is a fytte name for so vnnaturall a vyce: they that fal into it, go from the kynde of men, they lese that state and name, that nature put them in, and are tourned into cruell & vnnaturall beastes. Nowe if vnkyndnes be such a vyce, in what hatred of all men, oughte traytours to be, and traytoures to theyr prynce, and suche theyr prince, of whom they had receyued so innumerable benefites, and whiche, soo many wayes had declared his syngular fauour and loue towarde them?

¶ For to come at the laste, to the archetraytour, and to speake some

what

what of hym, whome god hateth, nature refuseth, all menne deteste, yea and all beastes to, wolde abhorre, if they coulde perceyue, how moche vyler he is, than is euen the worste of them. What man wolde euer haue thought, that Reynolde Pole coulde haue ben by any gyftes, by any promotion, by any menes in this worlde, brought from the loue, whiche for soo many the kynges hygh benefites, of all men he ought his grace the most: Who wolle yet beleue, that knoweth it not to be trewe, that a manne soo bounde to loue, can hate, so bound to serue, can brede traytours, stirre sedition, intende his deathe, for whom he oughte with all harte to haue shedde his best bloud, reckenynge the losse of his owne lyfe well spente, so that his hyghnesse

might therby be preserued, I woll not say from deth, but from peryll and daunger. How many fathers haue bene more tender ouer theyr sonnes, than hath his grace bene in bryngynge vppe the, thou false Pole, thou shamefull and shameles traytour, from thy chyldhode, euen tyll within these two yeres? what letters wrote his hyghnesse in thy fauour to the Uenetians, at thy fyrste goinge into Italye? What credyte, what estymation, couldest thou haue ben in there, yf thou haddest come alone without his gracis commendation? what was in the, at thy fyrste going thither, beside thy family, worthy any great estimation? Thou mightest haue come with thy byrth and familye, I haue founde fewe there that wolde haue esteemed the for them

them, sauynge for his graces sake. His gracis fauour, whom at that tyme the byshop of Rome and his adherentes, honoured aboue all pryncis in Chrystendome, wonne the thy frendes there, if they maye be called thy frendes, whom thou so takest to be, not knowyng who be thy frendes, and who thy foes, beinge thy selfe of all men mooste ennemye to thy selfe. Thou suffredst thy self to be called the kyng of Englandes nephewe, this title beinge fals wroughte moche, and made manye in loue with the for thy nobylities sake. And yet thou gottest not so many that waye, as thou dyddest by reason it pleased the kynge of his goodnes to gyue the, besyde thyne owne reuenues, yerely an hundreth pounde out of his cofers. It is a wonderfulle

thynge, to see the dyuersitie of nature, howe grate and kynde some be, and howe vnnaturall and vnkynd some other be. Many thinke them selfe to owe lyfe and all the rest, to hym that doth but a meane good tourne for theyr freude, and canst not thou: receyuynge so many, so great benefytes, thy family, thy mother, thy brethern, so many wayes bounde to his hyghenesse, auoyde treason? Thou hast redde manye notable hystoryes, that might haue kepte thy cankred nature, at the leste frome treasone, if they coulde a wroughte no father in the. Howe many slaues doo we rede of, that haue lyued with theyr maisters in great seruitude & myserye, whiche yet soo loued theyr maisters, that they chose eyther to dye for theym, or elles to dye with them.

theym.

¶ Philotimus a seruaunte and a slaue, a lyttelle before his mayster dyed, was made heyre of all that he left. Marke his true stomake, thou muste nedes condemne thyn vnfaythfull false and trayterous harte. Whan the deed corps was caste into the fyre, he remembryng what a trewe seruaunt oweth to a good mayster, forgate, not onelye the goodes that were bequeathed hym, but also contempnynge his owne lyfe, lepte into the fyre, thinkynge trewe seruyce not to ende where lyfe remayneth. Here as I doo not lyke this Philotimus to hote loue, or to saye as I oughte, his rashe deathe, so I doubte not, but there be in Englande manye seruantes, that wolde a thousand tymes hasarde theyr lyfe, rather

than theyr maister shuld be in any ieoperdy of his.

¶ Marcus Antonius beynge ouercome of Augustus the emperour, delyuered vnto Eros his seruaunte a swerde, requyrynge to be rydde, ere his ennmyes shulde take hym. Eros toke the swerde, and quickely turnyng it, thought it lesse shame, yea, lesse hurte, to kyll hym selfe, then to kyl his maister. I coulde tarye and fyll myne oration with suche examples, but neyther to the Pole, it nedeth, nor to the suche a traytour, it boteth: thou hast redde them as wel as I. yea thou knowest, that very dogges, vnto whome theyr mayster could neuer giue more then meate and drynke, haue oft died for their master, oft slayne them that slewe hym. I wyll bryng in an exaum-

ple

ple or two, not that I thynke they can do the any good, but that they may sette out thyne abhominable vnkyndenes, to thy shame & confusion. It is notable, that authors wryte of kynge Lisymachus his dogge, whiche neuer left his lord and mayster, but was in all huntynges, in all warres, in al ieoperdies at hande with hym. At the last, whan he saw his master deed, and caste into the fyre, as the maner of buryal was than, the dogge a great while mournfully youling and lamentynge the dethe of his mayster, caste hym selfe euen into the fyre also, and there dyed by his mayster. Pliny writeth, that Hiero kynge of the Syracusans, had a dogge, which did euen the same. It is more notable, that wryters leaue in memorye of a Romaynes

dogge

dogge, whiche Romayne was put to deathe, whan Titus Fabinus and his familie were slayne. This dogge wolde away from his maister, for no strypes, for noo whyppynge, but lay by the deed bodye, and styl howled wonderful mournyngely, many of the Romaynes standyng about, & moche meruaylyng at the true faith & harte, that that sorye wourme bare vnto his mayster. At the laste, whan they thought the dogge hungry, one of the standers by, gaue hym meate, whiche he strayghte caryed to his maisters mouthe, and left it there. Shortly after the body being hurled into the Ryuer of Tyber, the dogge lept in after, and gate holde of his mayster, keppynge hym aboue water as longe as he coulde. If the lawes hadde prouyded no

peyn

peyne for treason: were not these examples inoughe, to make men teare suche traytours as thou arte with theyr teethe? If men wolde spare the, wolde not dogges pursewe a beaste thus ouerwhelmed with all kynde of treason? A beast soo fals to his souerayne lorde, and suche his souerayn lord? How be it, if thou be, as I surely thynke thou arte, he is moche more thye frende, that wysheth the deed than alyue. Treasone can neuer lye alone in a traytours harte, it hathe suche a rabblemente with it, that deathe is pleasure, if it be compared with the gripes, the woundes, the tossynge and turmoylynge, the heauynge and shouyng, that traitours fele in theyr stomackes. As god helpe me, I can nat thynke, but god euen of very purpose reserueth

ſerueth the alyue, oonely bycauſe thy lyfe hath many mo tourmentes, moche moze ſhame in it, than any cruell death canne haue. God by thy lyfe declareth what reſt, thy trayterouſe ſoule ſhall haue, after the eternall ſhame of this wozlde. Foz he that hathe to dwelle where thou arte ſure to be, excepte thou amende, muſte be exerciſed with ſuch pauges as thou art: and euer in his lyfe lerne what helle hathe, what intertaynemente they haue that take vp their lodgynge there. What greatter tozment canne be wiſhed vnto the, than al the wozld to knowe, that thou by theſe abhomynable treaſons, haſte caſt awaye thy familye, whiche myghte haue continued in honour, diſteyned thy bloud, whiche befoze was myngled with a kynges, and now

is

is farre vnder a colyers: Whatte greatter shame canne come to the, than to be the dishonour of all thy kynne, a comforte to all thyn enemies, a deathe to all thy frendes: All men that loue trouthe, allegiaunce, and honestie, muste nedes be thyne ennemies, all men muste hate the, yea, thy mother her selfe, shall thynke her selfe worthy deth, yf she hate not the aboue all creatures. All they, whom frendeshyp and affinitie hadde in tyme paste knitte vnto the, wyshe for no traitours deathe so moche as they do for thyne. O Pole, or hurle poole, full of poyson, that woldest haue drowned thy countrey in bloudde, thou thoughtest to haue ouerflowed thy prynce and soueraygne lorde, thou thoughteste with thy traiterous streames to haue ouer

runne

counne all to gether. But god be thanked, thou arte nowe a Pole of lyttell water, and that at a wonderfull lowe ebbe. Can I wysshe the any moze hurt, than that thou mayste lyue longe in suche shame, in suche infamie, as I thynke neuer traytour was in? I thinke as obstinate a wzetche as thou arte, if the falle of thy familye nothynge moue the, that yet the voyce of thy countrey, whiche sommetyme wysheth the dead in thy fyzst cloutes, sometyme hanged, sometyme in hell, with thy great maister, the dyuelles bycar aboute thy necke, were inoughe to make the chose a tree, and there to doo as Judas, the capitayn of traytours, whome thou trayterously folowest, dyd. Hast not thou moch greater cause to saye, as Job dyd, than euer had

Job:

Job: who euer myght better say, than thou: who oughte sooner to crie thā thou: Cursed be that day that I was borne in, let that daye perysh, & the night also, in ỹ which it was said, there is a knaue childe cōceiued, let that day be turned in to darknes, let god neuer regarde it, let neuer lyght shine vpō it, but euen to the worldes ende, be it co= uered with eternall darknes. Let the dymme cloude fall vpon it, let it be lapped in with sorowe, let the dark stormе ouercome that nyght, let not the daye that I was borne in, be reckened amonge the dayes of the yere, nor counted in the mo= nethes. Let them that dispise that night, and curse the day, curse al= so the mornynge, that folowed my byrthe, let it loke for lyght, and see none, bycause it shytte not vp the

wombe that bare me. Alas why died I not euen in my byrth: why dydde I not perysshe as sone as I came out of my mothers wombe: Why set they me vpō theyr knees, that nowe do brynge them all, eyther to deathe, or shame, felowe to any deathe: Why gaue they me sucke with their brestes, that nowe haue lefte no bloud ne lyfe in their bodies: wherfore is lyghte gyuen to hym, that is in mysery, and life to theym that haue heuye hartes, life to them that longe for dethe, & serche for it more than euer they dyd for any treasure? Thou maist o wycked traytour saye what thou lyste, but thou canste thynke lyttel better of thy selfe, thanne all thy countrey thynketh. This I know thou haste causes mo than a thousande, to say all this and more to.

The

The byshop of Rome, & his godly sowers of treason, thought they had spun a wonderful fine threde, and weaued a gay piece of worke, whan they gate this Reynarde to playe the traytour in a Cardinals apparell, thynkynge ye and knowynge by theyr longe experience, no garment soo fitte for oone, that wolde take suche an enterprise vpon hym. This is a wede, that seldome groweth, where any good corne is, but it hath the ouerhand and distroyeth it gaylye. He was made, ye marye was he, a greatte legate, sent with moche authoryte, but he retourned as wyse as they that thought he coulde haue wroughte myracles. The sworde was sēt to the king of Scottis before, we being than encōbred with sedition and rebellyon at hoome,

this gay legate rydeth after, to see whether he were able to make the kynge of Scottes, to pulle it oute of the sheath, and vse it according to his intente, that gaue hym the gyft. Was there euer beaste so malyciously sette to vndo his countrey, for the whiche many menne haue gladly dyed: or euer any stony harte, that so enuyronned with a kynges benefytes, wold let none of them enter into it: soo blynde, that in suche a nomber coulde see none: so vngrate, that seinge soo manye, wolde be moued by none of theym: What can thyne ennemies, whiche are not onely all englysshemen, but as many as euer knewe what honestie meanethe, what can they all wysshe the worse, than that thou maystе neuer dye, and euer fele that, that traytours

of

of thy sorte are sure to feele: But percase, as all our countrey men, do detest and abhorre this pestylent Cardinall, as the vnnaturallest beaste, that euer prynce bestowed benefyte on: so, fewe or none do knowe, howe moche the Marques of Exetter, and the Lorde Montacute, this traytoures brother, were bounde to the kynges hyghnesse.

¶ Fyrst the marquese of Exetters father by king Hēry the.vii. moste noble father to our mooste dradde soueraygne lorde, that nowe reygneth, was for certayne treasons committed to prison, where he lay in ieoperdye of losse of landes and lyfe, vntyll the deathe of the sayd kynge. And not withstandynge there were gret and weighty matters layde agaynst him, yet our so-

ueraygne lorde, that nowe is, dyd not onely pardon hym of his lyfe, and restore hym to his landes and honoure, but toke this his sonne into his priuie chaumber, bringe hym there, moche more like a companion, than a seruant, alwayes encreasynge his landes and reuenues, after suche sorte, that if he hadde not bene to vnnaturall, he coulde neuer haue loued his owne lyfe halfe so moche, as the kynges welth & honour. A cruel chaunge, for most loue, to rẽder greatest hatred. O kondnes, who myght not haue ben contente to serue suche a mayster, to be subiecte to suche a prince, yea, what man being thone and not thother, being a subiect, & not a prince, wolde not rather desyre to do his duetie to so noble, so gentyl, so hygh a prince, so louyng a mai-

a mayster, than for to take from
hym his maiestie, yea thoughe he
were sure to bryng his trayterouse
purpose to effect? But what thyng
doth not blynd ambition attempt?
His mouthe was euer full of these
prayse sayenges, I truste to see a
chaunge of this worlde, knaues
rule about the kynge: but I trust
one day to gyue them a buffet. He
can be no subiecte, that shall buf-
fet rulers about a kynge. No, he
thought to be none, whan he com-
maunded Kendalle his manne, to
make as many men in a redynesse
as he coulde, whiche myght serue
within an houres warnynge. He
thoughte to haue worne the gar-
lande, whan he tolde his frendes,
I truste to haue a fayre daye ouer
these knaues, that rule aboute the
kynge, I truste to se a mery world

one daye. But yet se howe he was deceiued, god that hath wether at wyll, wolde not so moche as gyue hym a fayre daye to dye in, all his myrthe is ended for this worlde, al ioye is paste, he is gone, and hath lefte to his sonne and heyre noo= thynge but sorowe, nothynge but myserye, excepte the kynge of his mercye, beare hym more loue than his father dyd. These be the fayre dayes that god sendeth vnto tray= tours, this is the myrthe that they come to: oure lorde sende all tray= tours the lyke myrthe. Surelye they that be as these were, do but deceyue theym selfes, if they loke for any better ende than they had. God punysheth none so soone as vngrate persons, bicause he wold haue vs not vngrate vnto hym. And yet he hathe euermore gre=

uously

uously punished suche as shoulde rebell and worke sedytion ageynst theyr heedes & rulers. Chore, Dathan, and Abiron, maye make all men, that canne lerne to aduoyde theyr owne hurte by theyr neyghbours, obey, where they ought to obey, serue, where they oughte to serue, and not to repine, ne to take vpon theym rule, where god hath appoynted theym to be ruled. You may rede, howe god scurged these three, howe the erthe brake vnder theyr fete, and swalowed them vp with theyr tabernacles, & all theyr substance, howe they wente alyue into hell, there testyfyenge, what punyshemente god hath prepared for rebelles, for traitours, for men disobedient to theyr hedis and rulers. What loste our fyrste father Adam by his gay enterprise, whi-

che thoughte to haue a fayze daye, a merye tyme: What loste he foz ones disobeyinge, foz theatyng of an apple: a smalle thynge, but euen all mankynde. He was in Paradise, a place pleasant, beyonde all pleasures, almoste all howzes talkynge with god almyghty, the eatyng of an apple bzought hym, that he durste not shewe his face. God cryeth to hym: Adam where arte thou: oute of what pleasure haste thou put thy selfe: and into what myserie: I maye saye, O Marques, where arte thou? where is the fayze daye thou lokedst foz: where is thy garlande: Somme men perchaunce wolle saye, they haue suffered foz theyz tresspasse, they shulde nowe be at reste. I answere, thynges are writen, not so moche foz malyce to the men, as

foz

for the hatred that euery man oweth to treason. There is no writer that can sette their name and fame in worse case than it is. All shame is in them, whom treason hath defyled. The ransome of treason is more thã losse of lyfe and goodes. Mens tonges and pennes, whan deathe hath done what she maye, are bounde to worke ayenste traytours as moch as they may. Traitours ar euen stylle to be rated, no lesse than if they were alyue, and stylle in fulle pourpose, to bryng their treasons to passe.

Nowe on the other syde, was the lorde Montacute nothynge in the kynges debte? Was not also his mothers landes loste, she a poore gentyll woman, dwellynge amonge the systers of the Syon, he a poore gentyll manne, not hauynge

uynge a fote of lande towarde his lyuyng? Was it not a thyng wor-thy thankes, to comme frome no-thynge to .iii. or. iiii. thoulande marke lande, his mother to haue this for her lyfe, and he to enherite it after her deceaſſe? Had not this traytour cauſe to haue bene a true ſubiecte to his prince, a trewe ſer-uaunt to his mayſter? was he nat bounde aboue a great ſorte of men to loue the kynges welth and ho-noure, to ſerue his maieſtye with all loyall harte and obeyſaunce. Myghte not this fonde or rather deteſtable traytour, haue talked & dreamed of other thynges than of the kynges deathe, whyche oure lorde kepe of, euen as longe as na-ture with his helpe may maintayn lyfe, and all other that wold other-wyſe, to folowe Montacute and

his

his felowes? Myght not he haue ben content with this worlde, and the state he was nowe in, leauyng his lewde prophecies of the world to come, of the tyme that shoulde make hym & his mery, if he might tary it? he myghte, if god had not bene as contente to leaue hym, as he was desyrefull to flee God, and to kepe downe his worde and testament. For as goddis ioye is to be with men, that take ioye of his presence, so beinge lefte and forsaken, though his desyre be to do otherwise, he leaueth and forsaketh. This I dare say, if these men had nat ben enemies to the gospel, haters of goddis worde, they coulde neuer haue fallen in to suche an abhominable sorte of treasones. Who knoweth not how these, that are nowe deed, how the Marques

and

and Montacute abhorred not only all readyng of scripture, but also all reders of it. It was a crime iudged great inoughe for to putte any theyr seruauntes oute of seruyce, yf they were spyed with a newe testamente in theyr handes. Whether Reynolde, that traitour, putte this in theyr heedes, or whether god thought it best, that they had chaplayns, accordyng to their hartes, menne desyrefulle to kepe them styll from the knowledge of theyr duties, from the light of god dis worde, whiche they hated aboue all thynges, I woll not discusse: the sayenge is, they bothe dyd well their partes. As for Reinolde, I am assured, he ceassed not to kepe his bretherne in errour, which sent his mother worde, that yf he knewe her to be of the same

opini-

opinion that ỹ king is of, he wold treade her vnder his feete, mother his as she was. What beast coulde vse suche langage to his mother, excepte he had vtterlye forgotten the reuerence, that nature teacheth all creatures toward theyr parentes? What pestilent hart reigneth in hym, that hath suche a rancour to goddes worde, suche a stomake ayenste the trouthe? Thou, thou Reynolde arte the very pole, from whens is poured all this poyson. Thou haste slayne thy brother, the Marques, and thyne other brother was at deathes dooze. But for as moche as it pleased god to saue Geffreys lyfe, and to tourne the vyolence of the knyfe to his saluation, to the safetie of the kinges highnes, and to the welthe of the hole realme, the kynges grace

taketh

takethe it to be goddes pleasure, that Geffrey yet dye not, and hath pardoned hym all his offences, so that his clemēcie hath saued Gefrey, whom thy knaupsshe letters and messangers hadde brought to the galowes. Great pitie it is, soo sayth he, and all the rest, that euer thou sawst lyght. Say what thou canste, poure out thy poyson, semble, dissemble, the wrathe of god layeth vppe sorowes for the, thou shalte neuer escape his handes, thy cappe, thy hatte, wolle couer treason no longer than he lysteth: they wylle beare of but easylye, whan he begynnethe to smyte. I playnely protest, I am thyn ennemie, and sometyme wolde fayne here tell, that thou were serued as thy demerites be: sommetyme I wysshe the to lyue euer, neuer oute

of

of shame, alwais in infamye, with all the rest of suche companyons, as waite vpon traitours.

¶ The byshoppe of Rome, great captayne of errours, hath as fytte a chapleyne of hym, as he coulde haue pycked out in an hole woꝛld. The byshoppe wolde nothynge to be wꝛitten ageynste suche abuses, suche ydolatrie, suche heresies, as he mayntayneth. Reynolde wolle in no case reade any thynge, that dothe not mayntayne all thꝛe, they bothe agree in this, to make their abode, to stycke and vtterly cleaue in that, they sucked in, of their erronious nurse, Longe custome.

There be many in Englande, that knowe Reynolde right well, there is not one of them all, that canne say and lye not, that he woll either abyde any wꝛiter, any pꝛeacher, oꝛ

any priuate cõmoner, that swar-
ueth from his trade.

Alexander beinge all his lyfe in warres, toke it to be an excedynge foly for a iudge, to pronounce his sentence, hearynge but thone partie, and had in custome, whan any tale was brought to hym agaynst any man, to stoppe one of his eares, sayenge to theym that asked hym, what he ment by doinge soo, I muste kepe one eare for his answere that nowe is accused. Pole hath redde moche, whiche thynge doth stey a man in errour, and nat helpe hym it out of it, yf he chawe the sence of scripture, as he lyste, and wrynge oute suche iuyce, as his fantasy corrupted afore, there nowe seketh. Saynte Paule had redde moche, euen whan he persecuted Christis flocke, and of no

thynge

thynge soo moche as of scripture, You see men coulde neuer tourne his harte. God hym selfe was fain to put to his voyce, to stryke his bodye blynde, and to enlyghten therwith his soule. Saynt Augustine hadde redde moche, and was very conuersant in the scriptures, & yet he was a great whyle in the heresyes of the Manichees, and thought that scripture was of his syde. Many dysputed with hym, they all founde, that stubburnesse dothe no where so moche hurte, as whan it lyghteth vpon great wittes, furnished with moch lerning. Plato sayth, small wittes doo neuer moche hurt in a cõmon weale, the great be they that do the great hurte. The bysshoppe of Rome thought Pole bothe of greate lernynge, and of great parentage, so

that euen polycie taughte hym a ioly poynt of folye. The bylchop thoughte to worke by hym a feate mete for oone in his place. Pole cam somwhat to late into France, at the laste commotion. If he had comme in season, he wolde haue played an hardier part than Aske dyd, he wolde surely haue leoperded bothe his eyes, where Aske ventured but one. He wolde haue had not only a foote in theyr bote, but in spite of Aske and his company, wold haue ruled the sterne. He came to late, great pitie he had not putte Aske out of his office. Howe be it whan he sent Holland with his message to Geffreye his brother, that they shulde not sturre while he cãme, he thought to be at the begynnyng of the breakefaste, to the whiche the Marques was byd-

bydding styl his gestes. He wolde haue brought in that mery world, which his brother Montacute stil loked for, euermore afrayde leste he and his shoulde not tarye that mery tyme. Why was he afrayde trowe ye? he was noo sycke man, his yeres were not soo many, but he moughte haue lyued for age a great season. He feared, it wolde chaunce as it nowe hath done, he thought treson could not so lõg be kept close. O Reynolde, you haue taryed to longe for hym. He maye wyshe as many a man dothe, that ye had ben hanged the day before, you sente that message home. He wolle not sturre, whyle you come. God put it in youre hedde to take your viage shortly. Thy capitayn and thou both, with his hole cloutrie of Carnalles, wepe I dare say

yet, to remember the Northerne insurrection, to here suche a rage, suche a furie of people, so swaged, so quietted, no stroke stroken. You feare, you feare, you haue good cause so to do, leste other prynces do gather therby, bothe the singular loue of god towarde our moste godly kynge, and also the hatrede that he beareth to your pestylente ambition, abhominable lyues and doctrine, moche worse than your lyuynge. Certes to say as I think, it were great pitie, ye shoulde lyue any better than ye do, excepte you wolde fyrste agree, that god and his worde might reigne, and you serue your prynces accordyng to it. He that hadde dwelte in the stynkynge chanal of Paule Bishoppe of Rome, his bosomme, or in the synke of Pole & his fellowes sto-

makes

makes, that daye, that the newes were brought to Rome, of thende of our hurly burly in the northe, he shoulde haue sene them striken in a wonderfull dompe, he shulde haue sene gripyng at their hartis, syghes walkynge to and fro, atte sorowes commandement. Surely they hadde no myschaunce this many yeres so great, as was that our good chaunce to them. There came no plage of god this longe season vppon theym, that moued them more, than that so manyfest the goodnes of god shewed vpon vs. Ah lord, thy prouidēce is wonderfull, thou blyndest, thou giuest light, thou hardnest, thou doest enter where thy pleasure is. Some runne faste, and yet come shorte, bycause they lose the waye: some tary long, and yet be formost, thou

appoynteſt a tyme to call in thyne
electe, that wander, thou tourneſt
theyr hartes to the, whan thy plea-
ſure is, that ſtraied amõges them,
whiche were and be fardeſt frome
the. Of all the myracles and won-
ders of our tyme, I take the chãge
of our ſoueraygne lordes opinion
in matters concernynge religion,
to be euen the greatiſt. There was
no prynce in Chriſtendome, but he
was farre lyker to haue chaunged
than our ſoueraigne lorde, he was
theyr pyller, and bare theym vp a
great whyle: they gaue hym faire
titles for his ſo doinge, and hono-
red his name in al their writingis,
was it not a wonderfull worke of
god, to get his grace from them to
hym? To make hym theyr ouer-
throwe, whom they had choſen for
theyr defenſor? I haue oft bidden
my

my countrey menne, to marke the
procedynges of god, sythens this
change, with HENRY the eight,
his chosen lieutenãt in England,
and our onely lorde and heed vn-
der Christe and his father, I styll
say, as I haue sayde, who so mar-
keth, howe tenderlye god preser-
ueth his highnesse, he is eyther ex-
cedynge blynde, or els he well per-
ceyueth god to be ennemye to all
thẽ that loue not his grace. Where
before he was called kynge, and
yet had ayenst all ryght and equi-
tie a ruler aboue hym, whiche al-
wayes enforced hym selfe, to kepe
his hyghnesse, and all the reste of
his subiectes in seruitude, errour,
and ydolatrye. God hathe made
hym, as al his noble progenitours
of right ought to haue ben, a fulle
kynge, that is, a ruler, and nat ru-

led in his owne kyngedome, as o-
ther were. God hath delyuered his
hyghnes from the bondage of the
byshoppe of Rome, his subiectes
from errours, his realme from the
foule synne of idolatrie. Ignorãce
a chylde that the byshop of Rome
lefte here, with his monkes and
friers to be fostred, & made strong,
is takynge her leaue, wolde god
her passe porte were made, and she
sent frome whens she came. But
she hath ben so cherished, so made
of in this realme, that lothe she is
to departe. She hathe many fren-
des, and trusteth by the helpe of
them to be made denyzen, and soo
to chaunge her apparell, and to do
moche more hurt in parysche chur-
ches, thã euer she dyd in cloisters.
But I trust, as god hathe shewed
what hurte commeth of her and
hers,

hers, so he wyll prouide a way, to see, that she and hers haue lesse to do. The people begynne to knowe what they that be curates oughte to preache, and what they ar boũd to folowe, and yet they do but begynne. Wolde god some were appoynted to take them forthe newe lessons. They haue longe sythens begonne to knowe their duetie towarde god, their obedience to their prince, the loue they ow vnto their neighbours, and yet they be stylle atte the begynnynge. For if they were fully taught, but in these. iii. poyntes, I dare promyse, my lyfe to lye vppon it, the fruites of this knowledge shuld be such, as wold enforce all christian princis, to folowe the steppes of oure noble prynce. I remembre howe kynge Iosaphat sente manye of his nobles

bles with preachers, that is, trewe letters oute of the worde of god, throughe all Jurie, and howe all the worlde feared his power, after that god was preched in his kingdome. I truste as our mooste prudente kynge ceasseth not to sende his holsome and godly proclamations abrode, that so one day men shall be sent after them, to se what effecte they take, what successe cõmeth of them, where they worke, & where they be ydelle, where they haue free passage, and where they be stopped. But leuynge newe occasions, whiche leade me to newe purposes, I woll returne, and folowe that I toke in hande. This laste sedition, besyde manye other commodities, that it wroughte in this realme, hath made the people, and in especiall those where it

reigned

reigned moſte, very glad to here, very deſyrefull to make amendes to God and theyr Prynce, for that they offended bothe afore. I haue harde dyuers men ſaye, that three or foure preachers may doo more good in the northe coũtrey in two or three monethes, than hath bene done in theſe ſouthe parties, theſe two or three yeres, only bycauſe the people be ſo redy to take what ſoo euer the preacher ſhall offer vnto theym: ſoo that yf the people be naught ſtyll, the faute is noo more theirs, for they wold fain be good. They ſe god loueth no rebellions, no diſobedience, if god had doone nothynge for the kynge, ſythens that tyme, was nat that one benefite inoughe, to bynde his grace, and all theym, that loue this his realme, euermore to thynke vpon

goddis

goddes goodnes alwayes to giue hym thãkes, and yet styl to thynke thankes vngyuen: All bokes can shewe, no suche sedition so quieted, no suche rage soo peasibly asswaged, and yet at the fyrste, as al men lyked the ende, soo was there an other thyng, that men, whiche fauour the peace and quietnes of our countrey, thought somewhat amysse. Men were wonderfulle gladde, that harneys was put of, and weapons layde downe, but they were sory, that the deceiuers of the simple & poore subiectes, had after their pestilent pilgremages, pardon. It is ofte to be remembred, howe god prouided bothe for the sorte deceyued, and also howe vpon newe treson commytted, he wolde the ranke capitaynes, to testifie vpon the galowes, that traitours

toures muſte come to ſhamefulle deathe. And yet is there moze, euen concernynge the ſame mattier, to be marked, where as it pleaſed the kyng of his clemencye and tender loue, that his grace beareth to the lyfe of his ſubiectes, to ſatisfye the rygoz of the lawes, with a fewe of their dethes, god hath this laſt ſommer by ſtrange kynde of ſyckneſ, well declared vnto the commons of the noꝛthe, that he was nat contented ſo fewe were punyſhed, where ſo many offẽded. And as the ſyckneſ plagued them ſoꝛe, ſoo I thynke god ſtycked a great ſoꝛte in other countreys, ſuche as he knew had hartes euyll inough, though their dedes were vnknowen. It is not to be left vnſpokẽ, that a generall plague reignynge in al the noꝛth, and in many other par-

parties of the realme, London, a citie for the more parte yerely vysited with greate deathe, hadde in maner noo syckenesse in it. Lette other menne laye the cause where they thynke best. I do surely suppose, that as god punysshed them for their treasones, soo he shewed vnto the Londoners, that the way to haue hym mercyfull and good to theym, is that that they are in, though not setled, yet a great part of theym well entred. All be it we be forgetfull, and haue stylle nede of some, to putte vs in mynde of goddis goodnesse towarde vs, yet I woll not nowe speake of the tresure, whiche he gaue this realme, what ioye and comforte he sent to all trewe englysshemen, whan he sent vnto our souerayne lorde, his dere and noble sonne, oure deere

and

and noble prince Edward. I trust it nedeth not, I trust there be none of vs, eyther so blynde, that we see not, howe moch Englande oweth vnto god, for his birth, for his preseruation, for such his towardnes as was neuer sene in chylde, by al mens assent the lyke, eyther so vngrate, but he herynge of this noble princis growyng, and waxing to a kynge, to the scepter of this his right inheritance, woll with al his harte, desyre god both to kepe hym longe from the Scepter, and longer in it, than euer was his father before hym. I say, I wyll not speake of his grace, neyther of the goodnes of god powred vpon vs, and all ours, by his byrth. No, I woll make as foule a chaunge, as euer ye sawe or herde of. I wolle goo from hym, whome the loue to

god and his father reserued, we ought to loue, aboue all thynges, and intreate of theym, whom, yf they were alyue, all Englyshemen ought aboue all creatures to hate. And yet I wyll not so gladly talke of them, as of the goodnes of god shewed to vs by theyr occasion.

O lorde, in what daunger hath the kinges highnes ben, these. xiii. or. xiiii. yeres? For euen all this space, there haue bene in his gracis pryuye chaumber, that frome tyme to tyme, haue not onely vttered the secretes of his counsel and chamber, but also haue practysed with his most ennemies, and done what they coulde, to hynder his gracis godly procedynges? Was it not a syngular prouydence of god, that the Marques of Exettour was putte out of the pryuye cham=

chaumber, vppon noo deserte, I thynke at that tyme knowen, but euen that god put it in the kynges heed so to do? Is it not to be mer-uayled, that he, and Edward Ne-uyll, a couple worthy all mennes hatrede, a couple ioyned in tray-terouse intentes, beynge so longe together about his highnes owne persone, dyd no more hurte? Is it not more meruayle, that thone be-inge put out of the priuie chaum-ber, thother attempted nothynge? Men that knowe not the goodnes of god towarde his electe rulers, may meruaile at al these thynges: but let vs laude god for them all, & assure our selfes, that god woll not suffer a prince, whom he hath chosen, to greatter affaires, than grosse heedes can attayne vnto, to be vyolated of his trayterouse

subiectes, God hath ioyned with the maiestie of a kynge, suche a feare, that false hartes haue noo power, to offre wrong to a prynce, thoughe all opportunities seme to serue them: wherfore yf we lyste to meruail, let vs a lytle whyle intrete of the disclosyng of these tresons.

Syr Geffrey Pole was cõmitted to the towre, neyther the kynges hyghnes, nor any of the counsaile suspectynge either the Marques, eyther the lorde Montacute his brother, or syr Edwarde Neuill, of any of all these thynges, that they were founde gilte of. Geffreye beinge in the towre, hauynge his breste full of witnesses agaynste hym selfe, against his bretherne, a yenst the Marques, was brought into such a thronge of thoughtes, into suche a conflycte of pensiers, that

that bloud, and nature, worʒkynge on thone ſyde, god & conſcience on thother, he was caryed into ſuche a perplexitie, that he coulde, neyther condiſcende to accuſe his bʒother, his couſyn ſyʒ Edwarde Neuyll, and hym ſelfe, chyefe of all, endaungeringe all foure, with the gylte of treaſon, noʒ yet vtterlye withſtande, the worʒkynge of god and his conſcience, within hym: whiche ofte put in his mynde, rather to ſuffre theym and hym ſelfe to, bodely to be bʒought to deathe, then to goo body and ſoule to the deuill. This motion ranne ofte in his heed, but the deuyll, continuall aduerſarye to goddes honoure and mans welthe, put in his fote, and ſoo toſte this wʒetched ſoule, that of many euylles, he choſe euen the woʒſte of all, which was a

ful purpose to slee hym selfe. The cõmodities of his death were many, as the deuell made them to the shewe, his brother shulde lyue stil, theyr familye continue in honour, the lorde Marques shoulde haue greate cause to loue all his bloud, whiche hadde kylled hym selfe to saue hym, with many suche fantasyes, as desperate menne fynde to helpe them to theyr ende. He was fully perswaded to slee hym selfe. Desperation hadde wroughte her feate, nowe see howe oportunitie made all thynges redye for hym, his keper was absente, a knyfe at hande vppon the table, he ryseth out of his bed, & taketh the knyfe, and with full intente to dye, gaue hym selfe a stabbe with the knyfe vppon the breste. The deuyll lacketh strength, where god hath a-

nye

ny thyng to do, and can better begynne thynges, than bryng e them to effecte. The deuylle had playde his parte, Nowe se, howe God, as he ofte dothe, tourned all the dyuels hole worke to his glorie, and Geffreyes saluation. The knyfe was blunte, and so dyd perse, but the wounde, as god wolde, was not mortall, and yet for as moche as bloude came after the wounde, Geffrey began at the laste, to feare god, to feare hel, to remember into what case the deuyll had brought hym, and than beganne to deteste the slaughter of hym self, to wishe he had opened all togyther, rather than to haue loste his bodye and soule after that sorte. He nowe beganne to caste, whyche waye he mought apease the wrothe & vengeance of god, redy as he thought

to hurle hym into helle. He nowe caſt his count after an other ſorte: dzede of deth, which as he thought wolde haue folowed the wounde, beganne to teache hym a newe leſ-ſon, his bzother, his couſyne, ſyze Edwarde Neuyll, nowe wayed as moche with hym, as they oughte to do, he ſawe befoze hym the loſſe of his ſowle, and thoughte it mo-che better, they loſte their heedes: he ſawe in what daunger he ſhuld leaue his ſoueraygne lozde, whoſe benefyttes beganne nowe to mu-ſter befoze hym, and the vele of ma lyce layde aſyde, to tourne his harte, he ſawe the damages, the ſlaughters, that myght comme to his countrey: he ſawe it not poſſi-ble, that god ſhulde be any thynge good to hym, whiche ſhoulde con-ceale the diſtruction of ſoo many.

In

In so moche, that nowe he, whiche wolde haue dyed, to saue his bre-therne and coulyn, delyred lyke, for no cause so moche, as ẏ he myght bryng theym to that they had de-serued: and therupon of his owne mynde, no man requyryng hym to it, no manne thynkyng of any suche thynge, he delyred to speake with the lieutenant of the tower, and after to speake with somme of the kynges priuie coũsel, to whom whan they came, he as a man styll lokinge, whan the wounde shulde haue ended his lyfe, disclosed all the hoole treasons. Thus the dy-uels subtyl prouision of the knife, of his beinge aloone, of perswa-dyng him to abuse the knife to his distruction, vtterlye decepued the dyuell, all his gynnes, all his crak-tes, nowe being turned ayenst him

ſelfe, all the hurt that myght haue come to his aduerſaries, god and thoſe that loue and ſeke his glorie, nowe redounding vpon his owne heed. Wyll ye haue a ſure token, that this is the worke of god? Ye haue herde of the meſſage, whiche Reynold ſent to his brothern, that is, ẏ they in no wyſe ſhulde ſturre vntyll his cõmyng. ye may know who was author of ſo godly a meſſage. who but the deuyl, author of all diſſention, all rebellyon, al treſon, could be eyther of coũſell with hym, that ſent ſuche a meſſage, or with theym that wolde kepe it ſecrete? If he were thautor of it, thã could he nat be the vtterer of it alſo: His kyngedome muſte nedes falle, yf he fyght ayenſt hym ſelfe. God, god broughte it to lyghte, as one that hath taken vpon hym to

defende

defende his trewe and faythefulle minister, kynge Henry the eyghte. God hath disclosed all, vsynge suche wayes, that all menne maye knowe, it is onely he, that coulde doo suche a thynge. A man wolde thynke it vnpossyble, that where no force, no violence, no tourmentes are vsed, flesshe, bloudde, and nature, coulde suffer one brother to brynge the other to his deathe. Some woll say, he lacked no tormentes, as longe as he had treson waltryng in his harte. A traytour whether he be so taken or not, can lacke no scourgynge, whan he is moste alone. He hath his whyppe in his bosome, and playeth the tormentour hym selfe for lacke of an officer. I woll not say, but Geffrey Pole felt suche tormentes, noo, I must nedes grāt, he was chreudly scour-

scourged, that thoughte it an ease to rydde hym selfe of it by deathe. They be of lyke no small peynes, that make the pacyent glad to flee his body, and damne his soule for the arrydance of thē. But yet as I sayd, he had no outwarde torymentes, no racking, no manicles, no he was put in fere of none of al these peynes, but enforced by god, as I take it, and as he hym selfe sayde, at the barre it was, frankely vttered, not onely agaynst his brother and cousyn, but ayenste suche, as whan they came to the barre, grāted them selfes giltie, without any verdite of quest. But of these last, I wyll nothyng speake, all be it I take them to be as worthy eternall infamy as the fyrst, but great men of byrth, bicause blode is distained by treson, & their family taken frō them

them, ar those that oughte to be set forth in their colours. It is I saye agayn, a wonder to se, one brother bryng an other (moche loue being betwene them, and no cause of hatred (to his death. It were a wonder surely, if one had not taken the matter in hande, whiche can whan him lust, both vanquysche nature, and trede the deuyll with his hole power vnder his feete. They two kepte those treasons vnder locke and key. God is and euer hath bē lorde of nature, conquerer of the deuyll, and can compel both, whan hym lusteth, to set forth his glory. But nowe, where we see, whose goodnesse it is, that treasons are knowen, and traytours made away, lette vs not forgette to gyue hym thankes, that thus waketh, and in maner wayteth, to saue vs harme-

harmeles. Is it possible that a mã not forced, shoulde swere vppon a boke, hym selfe to be a traytour, hym selfe of al men to be most worthy deathe. Syr Geffrey hath ofte taken this othe: So hath Croftes and Colyns also: the other, all the tyme of theyr arraynemente, stode styffe, with castyng vp of eies and handes, as though those thynges had ben neuer herde of before, that then were layde to theyr charge. The Marques, of al the rest stack hardest, and made as thoughe he had ben very clere in many poyntes, yet in some he staggered, and was very sory so to do, nowe chalangyng the kynges pardon, now takynge benefytte of the acte, and when all wold not serue, he began to charge Geffrey Pole with frensye, with foly, and madnesse It is

mothe to be noted, what aunſwere Geffrey made to the Marques in this poynte. Somme men ſaythe Geffreye (as I here) laye to my charge, that I ſhulde be out of my wytte, and in a franſye. Trouth it is, I was out of my wytte, and in a great franſye, whan I fell with theym in conference to be a traytour, dyſobedyent to god, falſe to my pꝛynce, and ennemie to my natiue countrey. I was alſo oute of my wytte, and ſtrykē with a ſoꝛe kynde of madneſſe, whan I choſe rather to kyl my ſelf, thā to charge thē with ſuch treaſons, as I knew wolde coſte them theyꝛ lyues, if I dyd vtter them. But oure loꝛde be thankid, god wꝛought better with me, than I thought to haue done with my ſelfe. He hathe ſaued my ſoule at the leſte, the knyfe wente

nat

not so farre as I wolde haue had it gone: His goodnes it is, that I haue not slayne my selfe: his mercye, that I was delyuered frome that frensye of kyllynge my selfe: His worke, that I haue declared my self, my brother, the Marques, with the reste to be traytours. And where I thought, said Geffrey, rather to haue putte my soule in hasarde for the sauyng of these men, god I thanke hym, so wrought in me, and so chaunged my mynde, that yf I had had tenne brethern, yea tenne sonnes, I wolde rather bryng theym all to this perylle of deathe, than leaue my countreye, my souerayn lorde, and myn owne soule in suche daunger as they all thre stoode in, if I had kepte these treasons secrete. Lette vs, lette vs dye, we be but a fewe, better we haue

haue accordynge to our desertes, thā our hole cōtrei to be brought to ruyne. O what a lorde is god, whom can a traytour trust, whan one brother is so desyrefull to vtter an others treason: yea whan ỹ traytour hym selfe, no man compelling him, vttereth his own treson: whom may we trust, whā we our selues, desyre to disclose oure selues: Treson can not lye longer hyd, thā while it ripeth, for if it be ones melowe, the sauour streight, for the moste parte, bewrayeth the howse. Geffrey hath neuer bene taken for any pleasant or sage talker, his wytte was wonte to serue his tong but so so. I dare say, they that were the wisest of the kynges moste honourable counsayle, dyd moch wōder that day, to here him tel his tale, and loked for nothing

lesse, than that he shulde haue soo handled him selfe. God is a mer-uayllous god, he can make bothe whan hym lust, and whom he wol eloquēt, wise, pithie. He can make the tonges of the dome serue his elect, whan his wil is. The Marques was styffe at the barre, and stode faste in denyal of most thinges laid to his charge, yet in some he foyled and staggerde, in suche sorte, that all menne myght se his countenance, to auouch that that his tonge coulde not without moche foltring deny. But at the scaffolde, whan he sawe, mens othes, with a multitude of wytnesses taken, and his sturdy denyall not to saue his lyfe, he began eyther to way dyshonour lesse than he dyd at the barre, ozels to thynke, that dishonour standeth in doing trai-

trously

trously, rather than in confessyng of it, whan it is knowen to be so, deathe at hande, taught hym, and his felowes to prouyde for the safetie of their soules, and to leaue the regarde of honour there on the scaffolde with their bodies. They dyd all thre acknowledge their offences towarde the kynge, and desyred all men that were there present, to pray god to forgyue them. They be gone, our lorde, I truste, which gaue them repentance, wol also take theym to his mercy, and yet saue theyr soules. The thynge they feared, is come vppon them, they might not tary the tyme, they plowed treason, they sowed sedytion, noo meruayle yf they reape deathe. Wherfore let vs, whyche in one houre, haue escaped so many sorowes, so present calamities,

so imminente mischeues, saye as Judith sayd, whan she retourned with Holofernes his heed, in her lappe, Laude and prayse be giuen to the lord, that forsakest not them that put their trust in the. Let him be glorysyed for euer of vs, that vncalled is thus preast and redye to defend them, that were nigh the brynke of parditton, and sawe it not, vntyl he plucked them by the sleue. Hitherto ye haue herde, how traitrously these vnnaturall traytours entēded, you haue sene how the goodnes of god as well now, as in many other thynges, hathe preserued the kynges hyghnes, & brought his enemies to shameful death, now this thyng remaineth alone, what cause coulde moue them, that were so moche bounde to theyr lorde and mayster, to fall

into

into ſuche horrible treſons. He li-
ueth not I date ſay, that can fynd
any iuſte cauſe for any ſubiecte to
be a traytour to his Soueraigne
lorde. And I am well aſſured, all
men, that haue any ſpot of hone-
ſtie in them, wol thinke theſe wor-
thye to be taken for traitoures, yf
they had but ones thoughte hurte
vnto his perſone, of whom they
had receyued ſo many benefyttes.
There is no cauſe, & yet me thyn-
keth I fynd one, which although
it be not iuſte, yet is it of ſuche
ſtrengthe and efficacie, that it can
worke almoſte no leſſe than it dyd
in theſe. I ſay and thynke, who ſo
euer is of their opinio̅ in matters
of religyon, that he can loue the
kynges hyghnes, no better than
they dyd. Who ſoo is a papiſte, an
ennemie to goddis worde, he may
wel

well lacke power or stomacke, to vtter treason, but he can not lacke a traytrous hart. What so euer he be, that thynketh the byshoppe of Rome supreme heed of our church of Englande, can neuer beare the kynge suche an harte, as a trewe subiecte oweth his soueraine lord. No, I saye more, he can in no case loue his highnes, he can nat chose but be a traytour. It is to be sorowed and lamented greatly, that noble men woll thus fondely caste them selues away, great wonder, greater pitie, and greattest shame, that they, hauyng the word of god in their owne tonge, woll not yet lerne, what a kynge is, and what a byshop, what lordes owe vnto thone, and what they may requyre of thother. My pourpose was to haue handled a good sorte of pla-

ces,

tes, whiche I haue gathered out of the scripture, & doctours bothe, making for the mayntenaunce of the kynges supremytye, and also shakynge downe that arrogante and vsurped power of the byshop of Rome. I had soo done, but that I sawe this boke, some what with the longest, and well perceyued, ỹ thother wold haue ben moch longer, than this is. I haue differed it for a while, but god wyllyng, I woll as sone as I can, for the seruice I owe vnto nobilitie, and the rest my contrey men, followe that whiche good wyll pricketh me to, thoughe feble wyt and weake power drawe neuer so fast backe. In the meane season, I humblye beseche all men, so to take these my labours, that I maye with courage set vpon thother, whiche as they

they woll be moche greater, so my truste is, they shall be moche more profytable. They maye so be, and shall so be, if it please hym, which worketh all that well is wrought, vnto whom be all honour, al glorye, for euer and euer. Amen.

Londini in ædibus Thomæ Berthe-
leti typis impress. Cum pri-
uilegio ad imprimen-
dum solum.

ANNO. M. D. XXXIX.